



HOW A STAR BEGAN TO TWINKLE.

By Alan Dale.

HOW well I remember a certain "trial" matinee of "Ingomar," which took place at what was then called the Bijou Opera House, a decade ago. "If you're nothing better to do, old chap," said a friend of mine, "make a martyr of yourself and see this new girl who is going to tackle Parthenia. It won't hurt you, and it will all be the same in a hundred years from now."

I suppose that I was born with a sense of the ridiculous. Even in those days it was the drearily mediocre performances that overwhelmed me. As long as a production was extremely good or extremely bad—it didn't matter which—I could amuse myself. I went to the Bijou that afternoon prepared to see the usual budding actress (very much blossomed in years, of course) and to listen to the usual Parthenia struggle. I felt at any rate that there would be a few gleaming paragraphs in it.

My records now lie before me. Here is what I wrote: "The young dramatic debutante loves to induce long-suffering audiences with 'praiseworthy' impersonations of Juliet, or Marguerite Gautier, or Rosalind, on the principle, it is to be presumed, that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Such debutantes do not hesitate to court comparison with the finest actresses on the stage. It is surprising, therefore, but it is none the less true, that Miss Julia Marlowe, who appeared for the first time yesterday in 'Ingomar' at the Bijou Opera House, scored an undoubted success. In fact, so charming was the personality of this young girl, and so naively pretty was her interpretation of Parthenia's role, that the audience remained seated until the end of the hackneyed play. Miss Marlowe, who cannot be more than nineteen years old, is a dainty little woman, with large, lustrous eyes, a shapely head, and a bright, intelligent, though not strictly pretty face. It seemed impossible to imagine that she was a novice. Her acting was finished, her gestures absolutely without awkwardness and her voice clear and true. Miss Marlowe had everything against her, but the principal disadvantage against which she struggled was a ghastly, awe-inspiring company. With the exception of Frank Evans as Ingomar, Miss Marlowe's company was absolutely worthless. Mr. Leslie Allen gave a ridiculous impersonation of Myron, and looked more than grotesque in his solid thighs and absurd touc, while Miss Aldron as Thana was equally laughable. But Miss Marlowe achieved a wonderful success, not at all marred by her unworthy support."

Don't you think that rather interesting? Julia Marlowe and I are still at our posts, and last Monday night I saw her, after her ten years' invasion of the scarred cranks of success, in "Colinette" at the Knickerbocker Theatre. But what a difference, my friends! Oh, la, la, la! There was no encouraging friend needed to drag me to the Knickerbocker. Every one went there. The "hol polloi" of the metropolis was present. No evil company and unknown manager had been gathered into her service. She was vouched for by the main theatrical purveyor of the American Continent, and actors and actresses of repute were glad to play small parts in her "support." The star was called before the curtain, flowers were thrown to her, she bowed her thanks in a grand dame manner, and the audience remained seated until the end of



JOSEPH HOLLAND AND
AMELIA BINGHAM
ACT I—"THE CUCKOO."

the occasion was thoroughly frilled up to its knees.

Compare that little afternoon at the Bijou, and its timid, clinging Parthenia, with Monday night at the Knickerbocker and its buoyant, certain Colinette. It is a good comparison for stage-struck girls to make. It will show them that the royal lot to this kind of success is via hard work. It knocks in the head all those will of the wisps known as notoriety, influence and lax living. It tells its own story—the true story of how to succeed on the stage.

Those who saw "Colinette" Monday night must have been rather surprised to hear Miss Marlowe sing in a plaintive, neatly cultured and musical voice. It appears that at one time she had thoughts of going upon the operatic stage. Her vocal effort in "Colinette" certainly seemed to justify an ordinary young woman, readily discouraged, and teeming with an ambition to get there in the quickest way possible, she would have fled from the tepid waters of Julia, Rosalind and Parthenia—years in which she undauntedly kept to "the road"—and have made another and a quicker bid. An actress loves to think that she is versatile. She looks upon this as a great feat in her cap. As a matter of fact, versatility is a dark bog, into which fools are led by treacherous advisers.

Then this little lady had some thoughts of going in for tragedy. She had the lithic and sinuous physique of the gren who stabs lovers with bar pins and moans upon their corpses all over the stage. The coquettish round of classic heroines—the frolicsome Rosalind, the ingenuous Julia, the clutching Parthenia and the lovelorn Juliet must have palled upon her. How easy it would have been to escape and to build up a new reputation!

Ladies who read this, I beg to assure you

that Miss Marlowe owes her present success to one motto only. That motto was "Do a good thing, and stick to it." Miss Marlowe's easy conquest of Parthenia, at the little inconsequential matinee to which I have already referred, was the keynote of her success. She was wise enough to know it. She might have succeeded to some extent in opera. She would never have succeeded in tragedy. In trying either of these she would have lost time and have diverted the attention of the public.

Let well enough alone is an excellent bit of advice for stage and other walks of life. The possibilities of success in anything are very, very small. The man or woman who manages to make a hit in any particular line should thank his or her lucky stars and be satisfied. Julia Marlowe found that her forte lay in the depiction of lovely, fragrant maidenhood, with its moods, its coquettish, its passionless passions and its gentle, elevating influences. Perhaps in her heart of hearts she longed for Bernhardti roles and for chances to tear everything into tatters. But she set to work and decorated her own sphere. Fate had ordained her for the "girl," and she started in to beautify her work, to build it up and to amplify it. Colinette is one of the most delectable stage girls on view. She is lovely. She is cheering to the tired theatre-goer. It is better to excel in one line than to be merely good in half a dozen.

Actors and actresses fail as a rule because they have no resting place for the soles of their ambitions. You have seen Crane, the jozzed stagefather, trying to thrust himself as Falstaff at his heels, because, forsooth, Falstaff is considered a worthy part to play. You have beheld Naudin, the farce-screamer of our youth, endeavoring to sorrow with us as David Garrick. Time lost! Time lost! Every stage person should know his own limita-

tions, his "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther." The rolling stone gathers no moss. The rolling stone may have a mighty good time—it must be a gorgeous sensation bounding from one adjustment to the other and feeling the bracing atmosphere of incessant change, something new all the time. But the end of it all is that dark bog into which versatility plunges its victim.

Miss Marlowe's good sense has triumphed. After all, good sense, when you come to think, is a very jolly possession. What is strangely called "the level head" saves its owner from a large variety of pitfalls. The cruel, fibing public rather enjoys the spectacle of an actor or actress floundering in uncertainty—trying first this and then that—irresolute, vacillating. It is amusing, of course. But the public tries very quickly of this primrose path of dalliance with versatility. And when it comes to a question of patronage the public goes to the actor who is certain of himself and knows his own powers.

The story of the career that has been wedged in between that Bijou matinee with its martyr-audience and the Knickerbocker "first night," with its crowd of fastidious play-goers, is full of significance.

ALAN DALE.

THIS WEEK'S PLAYBILLS.

"The Man in the Moon."

As already noted in the Journal, the New York (formerly the Olympia) Theatre is to open on Thursday night under the management of George W. Lederer. The new regime of the house is to be inaugurated with the spectacular review entitled "The Man in the Moon."

There are over fifty speaking parts in the piece and nearly 500 people, all told, will be employed in the production. The book has been written by Louis Harrison and Stanislaus Stange. The score is by Ludwig Engländer and Gustave Kerker, while the music of the ballets is the work of Reginald De Koven. The presentation throughout is under the personal stage direction of Mr. Lederer.

The house has been repolstered and redecorated throughout. In some of the tiers of boxes two boxes have been thrown into one in order to facilitate the comfort of patrons. In the Promenade de Luxe the marble floor has been carpeted and the fittings in general are of a luxurious nature.

The ballets have been arranged by Carl Marwig, while the scenery is the joint work of Ernest Albert, Henry E. Hoyt and D. Frank Dodge. The costumes were designed and hand-painted by Mme. Seidle, while they were made by Mme. Ripley and a staff of assistants. There is to be an augmented orchestra of sixty-five selected musicians, all soloists of the Metropolitan Opera House and the leading symphony societies. On the opening night each of the composers named will conduct his own work.

The review is in three acts and seven scenes, the last of which is a particularly gorgeous set representing the halls of Columbus. In the first act the first scene represents the residence of Mr. Bullion. The second scene is the Sheephead Bay race track, while the third is the Madison Square roof garden. In the second act the scenes are as follows: First, the river front near the Brooklyn Bridge; second, a matrimonial bureau; third, the barn at Bullionhurst. There are three ballets—the Expansion, Orchid and the Four Seasons.

In consequence of the length of the piece the curtain will rise at 8 o'clock sharp.

The price of admission includes admission

also to the Promenade de Luxe, in which during the performance and until 1 a. m. the Miles-Stavordale Quintet will give instrumental concerts entitled "Songs Without Singers." The quintet is from the Empire, London, where it has created a sensation.

In the cast of "The Man in the Moon" are John E. Henshaw, Walter Jones, Ferris Hartman, Louis Wesley, Joseph C. Miron, Daniel Williams, Daniel Baker, Charles Walton, William Collier, J. Welsh, J. E. Furey, Will A. McCormick, Charles Dix, William Arling, Sam Bernard, Louie Freear, Marie Dressler, Phyllis Rankin, Catherine Lanyard, Norma Whalley, Jeannette Bageard, May Ten Brock, Rosa Cooke, Zella Frank, Lillian Madison, Nora Grantley, Vashti Earle, Violet Hollis, Mignon Van Haven, Marie Fullerton, Margoline, Marie Clements, Rottie Reid, Rita Riley, Ivy Clare, Grace Medley and La Liska.

Last Week of "Mile. Fifi."

"Mile. Fifi," entering upon the last week of its long and successful run at the Manhattan, celebrates its 100th performance next Friday evening, when the souvenir, suggested by the episode of the Boston widow's little game of freecost with the Vicompte, will be a handsome pack of playing cards, enclosed between hand engraved silver covers, "Fifi," the chanteuse, transfers her bluishments to Harlem after next Saturday evening, and close upon her heels comes the coquettish heroine of "The Manicure," a farce-comedy adapted by Joseph R. Grismer from the French of Sylvane and Artus. "The Manicure," sent for which go on sale to-morrow, introduces a new company at the Manhattan, including Louise Thomsen, Bouleauit, James O. Barrows, Estelle Dale, James Colville, Edith Hall, W. H. Pascoe, F. Newton-Llano, Isabelle Bowman and a dozen others.

(Continued on Page Thirty-one.)



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OFFICE PRICES: To avoid the speculators securing the seats, patrons are respectfully asked to send orders at once for same. To Mr. Thomas Shea, Empire Theatre, on Tuesday, May 9, Charles Frohman will present the engagement of the EMPIRE THEATRE COMPANY at the LYCEUM THEATRE in a new comedy, entitled, "THE EXCELLENCY OF THE GOVERNMENT."

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